BY ROY L. MECARDELL

Mr. Jarr Has Another Grouch, but It Takes Two to Quarrel,}



HERE was no doubt about it, Mr. Jarr was in a bad, humor. The storm signal was shown in his frowning brow and the down-turned corners of his mouth. He slammed the door behind him as he came in the house and kissed his wife and children in a sullen and hurried manner "Why don't you make those children wish their hands?" were his first words. "Ugh! they have me all messy! think it's the least thing you might do. heep them looking like human children and not like Digger Indians!"
"They've been spaking fadge," sold Mrs. Jarr. "I think

home-made candles are more wholesome than that truck hey buy with their pennies." "Huh!" growled Mr. Jarr, "and they burned the first

"That was my fault, dear," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly. "I told them I would watch it, and Mrs. Rangle called and I

So I let them make some more." 'Oh, yes, you forgot about it and spoiled about a dollar's worth of sugar and chocolate!" snapped Mr. Jarr. "By George, I work like a dog and turn in all the money I make in this house, and it is nothing but waste, waste, waste!"

"Don't be cross, dear," said Mrs. Jarr, who was determined not to be other-se than amiable, just because she saw he wanted to quarrel. "Don't be cross, sure all that was spoiled wasn't worth ten cents, and, as I told you, Mrs. Rangle called"-"Why don't you women stop gabbling and do some work? You are always talking about the servants being no good. The servants are all right.

"If poor men's wives did the work themselves instead of trying to play th lady it would be better for this country. That's whait!" "Well, Edward, you shouldn't talk that way to me," said Mrs. Jarr mildly You know we haven't had a girl for over a week. You promised to stop in

the intelligence office and get me one, you know." "Dad blame it!" said Mr. Jarr with an ominous soowl, "do you think? hove nothing else to do but run errands for you? Why don't you ask me to stay up all night to scrub and cook and sweep for you, and then go down town to my work every day as well? By George, I could keep this house clean, anyway!" "The children are going to school now, and I have to see that their clothes look nice, and that takes up a lot of my time," said Mrs. Jarr calmly. "I can do the work, too, if you don't want me to have a servant girl."
"Ah, you make me tired!" said Mr. Jarr. "You are always growling and

finding fault with the servants! I don't wonder they won't stay. Don't you think they are human beings that want to be spoken to decently? And look at my dothes! No, why should I say that? You wouldn't do it!"

"What's the matter with your clothes, Edward?" asked Mrs. Jarr in a pla What's the matter with them? I had to put on a dirty collar didn't I? And

sok how this vest is stained! I seled you to clean it, didn't I? "I laid out a clean collar for you, and I also asked you to put on your brown wit, which had been scoured, and let me send the suit you have been insisting on wearing to the tailor's to be cleaned and pressed, but you said you were dressed now and hadn't time this morning," replied Mrs. Jarr, as she brushed some dust off his shoulder with her hand.

"Leave me alone! Let that dust be!" howled Mr. Jarr. "I just want it that Hot Weather Pudding. way to remind me of how little I am thought of in this house! "I'm an old pack horse-the old, uncomplaining, neglected drudge that is treated like a dog in this house!"

"Never mind, dear; you are a little out of sorts," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly. ere's a kiss for you. And I've got something you like for supper-a nice cak with onlons."

"Steak and onlons!" growled Mr. Jarr. "Meat, meet all the time! No wonder fire, mould and set away to cook. Make sure butcher bills are what they are! And I should think you might cook a soft custand of I pint milk, using yolks shicken or something!" chicken or something!"

"Now, look here, Mr. Jarr!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr blazing up. "How long do save on low glass dish and pour custom think I am going to put up with your tempor? you think I sim going to put up with your tempor?
"If you can't come home with a smile and be pleasant the few minutes you sire in the house, and if you don't like what I cook for you, go some place else CUT one dozen large cucumbers into an analysis of the same in the house. The won't like what I won't!"

Sliced Pickles.

CUT one dozen large cucumbers into a slices, add six whole small onions.

Betty Vincent's

He Wants to Propose.

AM a young man twenty one years To Tell Her Love. old and in love with a young lady of Dear Betty: nimeteen. I love this girl very much | AM dead in love with a young man nd am quite sure she loves one. I wish to marry the giri, and how shall I н. в.

Sixteen Loves Twenty-Two. like a girl who throws herself at his

AM sixteen years of age, and I love He Wants to Write.

EDITH D.

other evening he got mad because I spoke to another young man. Please nd would like advise me how to speak to him and You must not show your love if you want to interest him. A man doesn't head. Let him do the courting.

wastry him. Do you time i in too with a local last year I became acquainted to home and know I would be happy with a beautiful girl, who captiat home and know I would be happy vated my heart by her looks, dress and were I would have to know the causes of form. I got an introduction to her, and pour unhappiness at home before giving loved her, and I want your advice as to you an intelligent opinion. Generally would it be advisable to write her and speaking, you are too young to marry, tell my love for her? ... ANXIOUS. but of course some very early marriages. It would be better to take a couple of bave resulted happily. Unless you have days off and go and see her.

May Manton's Daily Fashions



of the whirred blouse is and will be in vogue. The one illustrated is made with a deep na row yoke and with absolutely new sleeves. In the case of the model the material is corn reliow chiffon cloth with a yoke of over chiffon and trimming of silk banding and little buttons, but every material that can be shirred successfully is appropriate. is a long one, crepe de Chine, louisine silks, Oyama crepe

and a host of other things might be the obemisette always can be lace or in lingerle style as The quantity of material required for the medium size s 4 yards 21, 3 yards 27 or 13-4 yards 44

inches wide with 3-8 yard of all-over lace and 17-8 yards of banding. Pattern 5479 is cut in sizes for a 32, 24, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-York. Send ten cents in com or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT--Write your name and address plainly, and

By F. G. Long?



HOME HINTS.

SCALD 1 pint milk thicken with 4 tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in little cold mitk; cook 15 or 20 minutes. Flavor with vanilla or rose. Set on back of stove; fold in stiffly beaten

"If you can't come home will."

size in the house, and if you don't like what I cook for you.

and get your supper! I wen't stand it! I won't! I won't!"

"Graelous, Clara! How you flare up." said Mr. Jarr anxiously. "I sin surprised at you. It's a good thing you have a good-natured man who knows how three hours. Drain and add one quart of cold vinegar in which has been mixed one-half cup of white mustard seed and one tablespoon of celery seed.

The provided house when the said is stand to surprise the said of the sai Cucumber Relish.

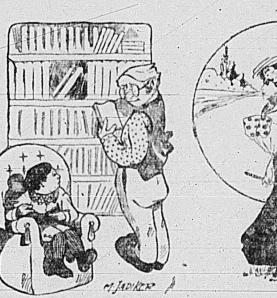
T WENTY-FWVE large cucumbers, one quart of white onions, one quart

The Seven-in-Six Puzzles. Third Series-Shakespeare



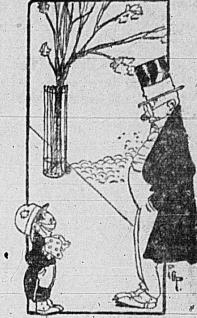
Hidden Picture 1 .- Find the Rooster. Advice to Lovers, white mustard, one green pepper, one-half cub of sugar, one-half biblespoon of white mustard, one green pepper, one-half cub of sugar, one-half biblespoon of of clerry seed, one large tablespoon of olive oil. Since the cucumbers very thin, one that cups of sugar, who caps of olive oil. Since the cucumbers very thin, one that cups of sugar, who caps of flour, one-quarter of a pound of ground mustard, one-half teblespoon of the pound of ground mustard, one-half teblespoon of the series and put them they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the ground that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the ground mustard, one-half teblespoon of the series would be incomplete. Save the Shakespeare series and find the seventh hidden picture. THE EVENING WORLD here prints a hidden-picture puzzle. It will print one every day. Each picture is complete in itself, but if you will cut out and save the six pictures of each series and put them together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the group,

Overheard in Limerick Land.



Looked up and gave papa a hall: "This book speaks in pasise Of 'red-letter days.'

This damsel, addicted to golf. Sighed a millonaire laddle: "I'll be your life-caddie!" ire red-letters' sent by 'black-mall?' " She snickered and said: "Oh, come olf!" If you don't mind I'll take a claur!"

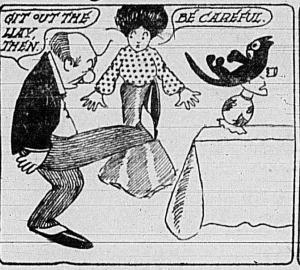


'T'll buy you some sona," said pa. But Johnnie gave papa a jar When he said: "X don't think That I care for a drink

Mr. Hothead; He's Soon Over It. By Walter Wellman









By Upton Sinclair,

(Copyright, 1901, by Upton Sinclair.) SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Heise Davis daugntag of a suburbag dergyman, is joved by her foster brother. Arthur, whose parentage is unknown. It in ther arms and was rtill. Thus she sat without see her there with ner flowers. Now-oh, think of her Bird and decomes engaged to a weathy Mr. Barrison. David Howard in the large of the startists. The marry and go to the Adirondacks. There marry and go to the Adirondacks. There are those daying woman. He and great trees, and I used to the Adirondacks. There marry and go to the Adirondacks. There are those with ner flowers. Now-oh, think of her bird her bear and going the love of the control of the co

> PART SECOND. , CHAPTER IL. (Continued.)

But the woman staggered to her feet, oblivious of man back for a doctor, and it poor creature was really dead.

They wished to tasp the box She began calling David's name, and a moment later

intehed her hands over her bosom, and shuddered, nd mouned to herself, "It is cold, oh, it is cold!" Afterward she burst into frantic sobbing, that choked her and shook all her frame; and again into wild peals of laughter; and then last of all she stopped and sprang back, staring in front of her with her whole

face a picture of agonizing fright; she gave one maid scream after another and staggered and sank down at last upon the floor. "Oh, it is he, it is he!" she cried, her voice ginking into a shudder, "oh, spare me -why should you beat me? Oh God, have mercyhave mercy!" Her cries rose again into a shrick that made Helen's blood run cold; she looked in terror at her husband, and saw that his face was white; in the meantime the wretched woman had flung hersel down prostrate upon the floor, where she lay grovelling and writhing.

That again, however, was only for a minute or two; she staggered up once more and rushed blindly across the room, crying, 'I cannot bear it. I cannot bear it. Oh, what have I done?" Then suddenly as she flung up her arms imploringly and staggered blindly on she jurched forward and fell, striking her head against he corner of the table.

The woman made a sudden fearful effort to his herself, struggling and gasping, her face distorted with flerce agony; as it failed she sank back, and lay panting hard for breath; then a shudder passed over her, and while David still stared, transfixed a hoarse rattle came from her throat, and her festures became suddenly set in their dreadful passion. In a moment more all was sull; and David buried his face in his hands and sank down the corpse, without even a moan.

Afterward for a full minute there was not a sound in the room; Helen's sobbing had ceased, she had looked up and sat staring at the two figuresuntil at last, with a sudden start of fright, she sprang up and crept silently toward them. She glanced once at the woman's body, and then bent wer David; as she fell that his heart was still beating, she caught him to her bosom, and knelt hims in terror, staring first into his white and tortured

features, and then at the body on the floor,

Finally, however, she rerved herself, and though feet with her burden; holding it tightly in her arms years as the figure that I used to see, so bright and it no more. I can fight no more!"

she shut the door, and sinking down upon the sofa, knew that she loved me. And her home gwas a little it in her arms and was still. Thus she sat without see her there with ner flowers. Now oh, thin't of her library was all that they were required to furnish.

CHAPTER III.

David's servant drove out early upon the following norning to tell him of a strange woman who had been asking for him in the village; they sen; the over; and th, why should I live, what can I do? men back for a doctor, and it was found that the

she began calling David's name, and a month of hands grave was dug by the lake shore near the little She began calling Davis have the tore her hands grave was dug by the mass shorted as Helen tried to keep her quiet, she tore her hands grave was dug by the mass buried to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. For oh, all my life to love, and I never had any. David and Helen stood watching her in cat in silence until the ceremony was over, and the cold I know, too, that some day I must find her.

a quictness that frightened Helen now. and his lips were trembling, and though he had own bursting heart except the same frantic clasp of of shed a tear all the day, there was a look of her love. mournful despair on his face that told more fearhad been before to strong and eager and brave, her whole soul stood still with awe; yet us before she to divert his mind to anything else she dared not could do nothing but cling to him, and gaze at even try

always?"

and strange. "what can you ask of me? How can bear-I am beaten. I am lost forever!" He buried his face in his hands again, shaking with mercy upon me, David. If you love me!" met know that after all my seers of struggle it was at last he whispered, in a low voice, "Poor Helen-tha madness must go on, and go on forevert can you not see that I dare not live?"

Oh, where am I to bids me, and what can I do?"

"David, it is you who are killing ; annot be to blame for all this."

est etem by step, clowly seed in silence out of so happy. I used to hear hed singing in church, and

the room. When she had passed into the next one the music was a kind of medness to me, because I lifted David's broken figure beside her and locked farm house, half buried in great trees, and I used to in the world to pay for such a curse, for that twenty years' burden of wretchedness and sin? And she was beaten-oh, she was beaten-Mary, my poor, poor Mary! And to die in such horror, in drunken-

ness and madness. And now she is gone, and it is His voice dropped into a moun, and then again there was a long silence. At last Helen whispered, They wished to than the body away, but David in a weak, trembling voice: David, you have simwould not have it, and so, late in the afternoon, a lever can that be nothing to you?"

and Helen would not sur from his side, so the two but death could have saved her from sname! Yes, Darn as David and Helen stood watching her in men had gone. This servant went with them; be- have carried the terror of that in my heart all these cause the girl said they wished to be alone; and years. Yet I dared to take your love, and dared to then the house settled down to its usual quietness—

fly from my sin; and then there comes this thunder: bott-oh, merdful toaven, it is too much to bear For when she looked at her humand ner heart too much to bear!" He sank down again; poor Helen arcely bout for her terror; he was gleastly white, requid and no word of comfort, no ufterance of ne

> So the day went by over that shattered life, and fully than any woods now utterly the soul within each hour the man's daspair grew more blick, his him was beaten and crushed. All that day he had grief and misery more hopeless. The girl watched teen so, and as Helen remembered the man that him and followed him about as if she had been a

> And so the morning came, and another day, of But at last when the hours had passed and not misery, and in the midst of it bayed flung himsel move had been made, she asked him faintly down upon the sofa and buried his face in his arms "David. Is there no hope? Is it to be like this and oried out: "Oh God, my God, I cannot stand it. I cannot stand it! Oh, let me die! I dare not hift The man raised his eyes and gazed at hor help- my head-there is no hope for me-there is no essly. "Helen," he said, his voice sounding hollow life for me-I dare not gray! It is more than I can bear to look about me again, how can I hink of tell down upon her knees beside him, and fore away living? Oh, that night of horror! Helen, it burns his hands from his face and stared at him frantimy brain—it tortures my soul—it will drive me mail! cally, exclaiming: "David, it is too cruel, Oh, have

> emotion. "Oh, I cannot ever forget it," he whispered. He stopped and gazed long and earnestly into her hoursely; "It must haunt me, haunt me until I die: I face, and a look of infinite pity came into his gyes. this that I made, it is this that stands. For thy iffe- little Helen; oh; Helen, God help you, what can and it is over, and none from me forever and finished! Oh. God, was there ever such a horror flashed "What have you done that you should suffer like upon a gullty soul—ever such flendish torture for a this? You are right that it is too cruel—it is another curse that I have to bear! For I knew that I. think how that thought must goad me-a child of was born to suffering-I knew that my life was mire, and I cannot ever aid it-it must suffer for its broken and dying-and yet I dared to take yours nother's shame. And think, if it were a woman, into it! And now, what can I do to save you, Helen; "David, it is you who are killing yourself,"

not your fault, you could not help it-surely you be sinking still deeper; and when he went on it was in a shuddering voice that made Helen's heart sures, and then at the body on the floor.

He did not answer her, but after a long silence he stop. "Oh, it is no use," he gasped, "It is no use," he gasped # 4To Be Continued

Words That Cost \$650,000.

down the words of their language on small tablets of clay, think could they come to earth and see after its completion the monster dictionary which is now under process of making?

Those wise men of so many centuries ago were the infant beginners in the business of lexicography. One set of cuncilorm tablets for the Assyrian king's

Not so easy is the job of dictionary making in these advanced times. One publisher has kept a large staff at work on his new dictionary for fourteen years, expending \$400,000, and has just completed for printing the matter from "A" two-thirds of "E." It is estimated that \$150,000 more will be required to complete the work, which will consume at least five years in accomplishment,

Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.



Designed with Bear Brand Yarns Circular Broakfast Jacket.

DON'T know of anything more conductive to comfort and prettiness than one of those pretty negligous erocheted of wool. Consider the garment in the picture. Recomy as it is, eyeff the stoutest woman looks well in it. It is well fitting and tlat over the shoulders, warm and close about the body. Then the nyaway sleeves are lovely. You have notloed, haven't you, how the seams are joined? Isn't it a pretty idea to use bows of ribbon to catch the odres together There came no tears, But only a fearful seboling: girl moaned in answer. He did not reply, but there instead of stiff, ugly seems? Saxony wool is used to make the negliges. With its poor/Helen whispered frantically. "David, it was came a long long silence, in which he seemed to smooth, tightly-twisted thread, it is an ideal wash material. The stitch is flat, fine, easy to make, with a small figure in the pattern that is wonderfully effec-

> I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly Laura La Rue Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Bax 1484, N. Y. City.